

ROBERT! TOI QUE J'AIME!

The picture hanging in my room:
A picture of a man with gracious air:
A face, a pair of eyes of dusky gloom:
A beard, and a fair and curling hair:
A curling mustache, and a curling lip:
A mouth that speaks such words as lovers learn:
A smile that shows a loved world slip:
A melody, but leaves them shut and stern:
Ah, Robert, Robert!—not one half the grace
Of your great heart, shows in your pictured face.

ASLEEP AT HIS POST.

An Incident of the Late War.
Mr. Owen, a pious farmer in Vermont, gave his eldest son, Benjamin, to the Federal cause in the late fearful struggle. One day a message arrived which fell like a thunder-bolt upon the anxious, yet hopeful family. The lad had been found asleep at his post, and was condemned to be shot.

leaving only a note to tell her father where and why she had gone. She had brought Bessie's letter with her; no good, kind heart like the President's could refuse to be melted by its contents.
The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor found suitable company for Blossom, and hurried her on to Washington. Every minute now might be a year in her brother's life.

At the beginning of the last century there was seen in the town of Lillois a very quiet house. It was a large building, but it contained only a small family—a husband and wife and one servant. The married couple were advanced in years, lived quietly on their income, saw very few visitors, and admitted none to the house except the people who furnished them with provisions, or otherwise ministered to their wants.

THE IRISH PEASANT'S CATECHISM.

The first arrest under the Peace Preservation (Ireland) act was made at Dundalk, county Louth, April 12, when a Mr. John Mathews, printer and newsdealer of that town, was taken into custody by three police constables on a charge of having on that day "sold a printed pamphlet entitled the Farmers' Catechism, containing divers seditious and treasonable words and sentences."

THE WASHINGTON ELOPEMENT.

Love Franks of a Girl of "Sweet Sixteen."
[From the Washington Star, May 10.]
The quietude of East Washington has been, for the past few days, terribly disturbed, and in such a peculiar manner that the excitement is daily increasing. In fact, the whole Navy Yard is a-foam, and for some years the gossiping old maids and "Mark Meddies" in that vicinity have not had such a delicate morsel nor been treated to such a savory dish of scandal.

landlord nor agent in vain, nor speak lightly of us, no matter what we do, for we will not hold them guiltless who take our name in vain.
Fourth—Remember that thou art a tenant at will; 265 days shalt thou labor and do all that thou hast to do; but the last day of November in each year our rent day, in which thou shalt do no manner of work, if thou canst reach our office and pay us to the utmost farthing.
Fifth—Thou shalt not cut down or remove any of our trees or turbarry, no matter what your wants may be, or how they inconvenience you; for all that grows thereon is ours, no matter who plant it.

SELF-BETRAYED.

A Tragedy of the Last Century.
The well known opera of Fra Diavolo is traced on tragical events which occurred in France nearly one hundred and seventy years ago. The fact is thus condensed from the court records by a Paris paper:
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ANNABEL GREEN.

In Herkimer county
There never was seen
A sweeter young creature
Than Annabel Green.
She was fair as the lilies
And pure as the snow,
And I chanced to know
Her sweet Annabel's bean.

General de Golcouria.

The death, by the garrote, of this old and distinguished Cuban leader, was announced in yesterday's issue. He was a native of the island for which he has given up his best years and his life. As far back as the days of the Lopez expedition he was an active worker in the cause of Cuban independence, and he gave to General Lopez the benefit of his skill for organization, and what was quite as valuable, the larger part of the funds carried on his designs against Spain.

Magnetic Traveling Stones.

They have walking stones in Australia, and, as we are informed, they have traveling stones in Nevada. Here is a description: They were almost perfectly round, the majority of them as large as a walnut, and of an iron nature. When distributed about upon the floor, table or other level surface, within two or three feet of each other, they immediately begin traveling toward a common centre, and there huddle up in a bunch, like a lot of eggs in a nest.

A Boston Experiment.

The N. Y. Tribune says: An experiment of reform is to be tried as an experiment upon a large scale in Boston. About 160 night-walkers were arrested in the streets on Saturday night. Their conditions of life have been investigated, and it is found that more than 100 of them are poor girls, who would be glad of the opportunity of decent employment. It is intended to place them under some wholesome restraint, the Court imposing some sentence upon each, but suspending its execution until the result of the experiment in each case is ascertained.

house, though at longer intervals than before. For the past two weeks Mrs. Lewis has supplied the place of his visits by strolling up often (generally about twilight) to Benner's residence, and in the event of not meeting him on the street would boldly pull the bell and inquire his whereabouts. Now for the denouement, as far as can be ascertained at present. On last Thursday evening Mrs. Lewis remarked to her relatives that she was going over on Third street east to visit her married sister, and requested them to tell her husband when he came in to call there for her. That same evening, about seven o'clock, young Benner was standing on the corner of Second street east and Pennsylvania avenue, conversing with some friends, when Mrs. Lewis came up, and both moved off a little and engaged in conversation. She was heard to say something relating to trouble she had had, and was inquiring: "Well, will you have me now?" or words to that effect. The conversation lasted but a few moments when both started up towards the Capitol, and are supposed to have gone off on the 9 P. M. train northward, as they have not been seen nor heard of since. The father of the lady, as well as her aunt and uncle (with whom she was living), are very much worried about the matter, and, it is said, have brought a telegraph and detective force to play to discover the whereabouts of the fugitives, but thus far without success.

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But ever through the bright spring hours,
The sunshine and the opening flowers,
My spirit hangers to be fed,
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